

THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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GOING TO SEA.

ONE of the most perilous avocations that men engage in is that of a sailor. It is one that appears not at all desirable, as the life of a sailor is continually in danger. But thoughtless boys are often enchanted with the wonderful stories they hear or read of men discovering unknown lands or peoples in distant parts of the earth; and the desire is aroused within them to become sailors, and to be the heroes of some thrilling adventures on the great deep. They become blinded to the charms of home, and the pleasant associations of friends and kindred, and, regardless of the counsel of their fathers, or the tears and pleadings of their mothers, they leave them all to vainly pursue the phantom of expected fame and renown. The experience of such boys



generally teaches them one great lesson which they ever remember, even if they do not profit by it. They soon realize the blessings of home after they have been tossed about on the ocean for a few days. And how many of them have wished, as they encounter the first storm during their voyage, that they had remained at home, where they would be safe from the destructive gale, and surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of life! But, alas! it is too late to indulge in regrets. They are now doomed to reap the fruits of disobedience. They find that the life of a sailor, in reality, is not so glorious as they anticipated. Instead of being surrounded with the grand scenes they had dreamed of while at home, all was monotonous and devoid of interest. They saw

nothing before them but hard labor and the surging billows.

But many boys are forced to follow the sea for want of other occupation. They are unable to find employment at home, and, therefore, have to resort to this method of obtaining a living and of supporting their aged parents. This is probably the case with the boy in the picture. Here we see him in the act of receiving a Bible which his mother is presenting him with previous to his embarking on the vessel which will carry him far away from the parental home, perhaps not to return for many months. She is also giving him her last words of counsel, and entreating him to read and observe the commandments and teachings contained in the precious book which she holds in her hand. The boy listens eagerly to the words of his loving mother, and her sorrow at the parting is, to some extent, alleviated by the belief that he will heed her counsel, and will return again in safety.

It is fortunate for the youth of these valleys that they are not, through force of circumstances, compelled to follow such a hazardous occupation in order to procure a livelihood. But there are some few, however, in this Territory who, in a figurative sense, "go to sea," contrary to the wishes of their parents. That is, they leave their homes for other parts of the country, in search of fame or fortune, but invariably return in possession of neither one. Or, if they do not go away from home, they depart from the teachings of their parents and act contrary to their wishes. Young men of this class are a source of grief to their parents, and cause them much anxiety and uneasiness respecting their welfare. They cannot enjoy any happiness themselves, for happiness does not attend those who are disobedient. And if they ever obtain wealth or renown by taking such a course, (and it is very unlikely that they will) it will not prove a comfort or satisfaction to them. But, like those who run away and go to sea, they will ever feel that they have taken the wrong course, and the object for which they set out is not to be gained in that way.

Children may as well learn by the experience of others as by their own, (for it costs much less) that the best place on earth is home. Do not be dazzled with the glare of foolish imaginations, so that you cannot see the beauties that surround your own homes. Remember that distance only lends enchantment to unrealities. If you want to find genuine happiness and pleasure, if you wish to gain real honor or wealth, seek them at home.

E. F. P.

A VICTORY OVER SELF.

UNCLE JOE BARKER was a modest man. He never boasted that he had been a hero in more than one naval conflict; but when he visited his sister Mary, she said her boy kept the air blue with cannon-smoke. They made him tell stories until at last he fancied they were thinking quite too much of glory, and too little of principle.

One night Ned said:

"Tell us one of the worst fights you ever had—the one that used you up most completely."

"Well, when I was seventeen years old"—

"You were not in the navy then?" put in Tom.

"In that year the battle was fought. I was at it—, and up to that year I had been the best mathematician in my class, but at last I had a rival—Howard by name. He was a snobbish, conceited fellow, clear-headed and cold-hearted. I

detested him from the first; for if he ever gained the least advantage over me, he would sneer and take on great airs.

"At the end of a year we were contending for two prizes—one for the best composition on a given subject, one for mathematical proficiency. I was quite confident I should get the first, for Howard's essays were unequal, sometimes rather original, but lacking always in finish and delicacy. When, however, I came to hear his read, I could not doubt the result; it was better than mine. There were exceedingly effective points in it, ideas we wondered at coming from him and of course he received the prize with many compliments.

"It was a week before the other prize was to be given, and our rivalry became more earnest. This last was to be awarded after a new fashion that year. The mathematical class was to be thoroughly examined, and honor given to whom honor was due. Then those who sustained certain exceptional tests were to have four problems given them to solve in the presence of a committee. The one who worked correctly and did the four the quickest was to receive the prize.

"A few days before the trial I found on the class-room floor a slip of paper covered with figures, the statement of a puzzling problem. The Professor's text-book was often full of such papers, and I did not once think of its being one of the four tests. I put it in my pocket, and—such things being always fascinating to me—I studied over it until I mastered it. I must have spent in all an hour on it, doing it at my ease as pleasant practice.

"About that time I was much disgusted to hear a school-mate hint that Howard's older brother, who was in a German university, very likely did the best work on Howard's essay for him. He said the day the subject was given him he wrote to Germany, and he did not begin his essay until a day after a bulky paper came to him from Germany. I feared I had been cheated out of that prize, but there was no redress; to equalize matters, I must gain the other.

"The day came. There were at first five of us competing; three soon were out, Howard and I were left. What was my surprise, then, to have given us the very problem I had found and already studied out! I said to myself, I will be fair. I will go about it as deliberately as if I were trying it for the first time, and must not make a mistake. I glanced up, Howard was working well, confidently, but he had to think, to choose between methods, while my brain work had all been done before. I could show the whole problem finished in ten minutes and explain the why and the wherefore. When I stopped and smiled, Howard knew the prize was mine.

"The Professor requested him to go on, and he finished it in twenty minutes—just twice as long as I had apparently been. Yet even in that time of silence and intense excitement, conscience kept whispering loudly: 'You know you really took an hour, and he has not taken half that time.' I answered that then I had no motive for rapidity, or I could well enough have done it faster. In the ability to do it was the proper test, and I was able; I had no help. Conscience said: 'No; the test is of the quickest thinker. Have you stood the test honestly?'

"Did Howard stand the essay test honestly?" I answered. This, at the worst, only makes us square."

"The prizes were to be presented publicly that evening, but before I left the class-room I was warmly congratulated, and saw Howard disappear full of rage.

"Well boys, I went to my room, and then came this battle I tell of. There was no cannon-roar or streaming blood, but no conflict since ever cost me the mental struggle that one did.

"At last conscience won the day, and I said I would go and tell the Professor the whole story.

"And you lost the prize, after all?"

"Yes, Ned."

"Howard got, and kept both?"

"Yes."

"So your battle was a regular defeat, after all. How mean in him!" said Tom.

"I am not sure of that. Self and Satan defeated means victory for truth and honor."—*Selected.*

EARTH'S CREATURES.

THE TORTOISE.

NOT many of my young readers, perhaps, have ever seen a tortoise, or turtle, therefore I would advise you all to take a good look at the harmless little creature with which the boy is apparently playing.



What does this picture tell us? It says to us plainly that the tortoise has a head, four legs and a tail; while on its back it carries its house. This shell-house, on the back of the creature, is very strong, so strong, in fact, that a wagon may run over it and the tortoise inside receive no injury. If we could turn the animal over, as those who hunt them do, we would find holes in the shell, one for the head, one for each leg and one for the tail. These holes are given to the tortoise that, in times of danger, it can draw itself inside of its house and be safe from the attacks of its enemies. It is more lucky than "Mormon" missionaries, for no matter where it may be, it always has a house to sleep in at night, and a place of shelter from stormy blasts.

All animals which are at enmity with the tortoise, and, in fact, when the tortoises are at enmity with each other, they try to turn this shell-backed creature over. When lying on its back the tortoise is helpless and will die.

We have probably read the fable of the tortoise and the hare. These two extremes of speed were chosen to run a race, and it so ended, as it always will end, that the one possessed of the greatest endurance won the race. I need not tell you which one this was, for all who have ever chased the hare know how little is its power of endurance. Here, then, is a principle taught by the tortoise—endurance to the end.

By the ancient Greeks the tortoise, or green turtle, was held as an emblem of beauty on account of its mildness and great endurance. On the island of Galapagos the turtle grows very large, so large that it requires the combined strength of six men to lift it. How is it possible, then, with such ill-shaped legs and feet, and such a weight, to expect fleetness? Though slow of foot, yet the tortoise is quick to use all its means of defense. As I have said, at the time of attack this creature draws itself quickly into its shell where it very successfully resists every foe except man. Now, it would seem to me a very foolish thing on the part of the tortoise to run from its enemies, even though it possessed the speed of a deer, with such a fortress in which to take refuge.

Well, but does the turtle have no degree of intelligence, except to know how to protect itself? It easily learns to know persons; and recognizes those who feed it from strangers. Here we find memory and discrimination exercised. In the formation of its nest, much skill is shown. These nests are something similar to the ovens used by semi-civilized tribes; not merely places scooped out in the sand. A nice, cosy spot is selected and, after the earth has been removed to form a nest, the eggs are deposited and then covered over to protect them from the chilly dampness of the tropical nights. This covering is arched, but is not thick enough to keep out the sun's warmth in the day. These nests are not put in any place where the tortoise may happen to be, but a suitable site is selected above high-water mark (the nests being on the shore of some stream or lake). These animals are possessed of wonderful tenacity of life. It is reported that one land tortoise lived and moved about with no signs of uneasiness for six months after having its brain taken out. The heart continued to beat and the blood to circulate in two of these creatures for twelve days after their heads had been taken off.

UNCLE ZEPH.

CLEANSE THE SKIN.—It is a curious fact, illustrating the necessity of cleanliness, and of keeping the pores of the skin open, that if a coat of varnish, or other substance impervious to moisture be applied to the exterior of the body, death will ensue in about six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child in Florence. On the occasion of Pope Leo the Tenth's accession to the papal chair, it was desired to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and so a child was gilded all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. If the fur of a rabbit, or the skin of a pig be covered with a solution of India rubber in naphtha, the animal ceases to breathe in a couple of hours.

THERE is no royal road to real excellence, the law of labor is binding equally on genius and mediocrity.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

TEMPLE BUILDING.

THE ground for the Logan Temple was dedicated under the direction of President Brigham Young, Brother Orson Pratt being mouth in prayer, on the 18th of May, 1877. President Young pushed his labors forward with far more than ordinary zeal for a short time before his death. The Temple at St. George had been completed and conference held in it on the preceding 6th of April. On his return from that conference the site for the Temple at Manti was designated and dedicated. Then proceeding north at the time stated he commenced the preparation for the erection of the Temple in Logan. In the meantime he had been busily engaged organizing Stakes of Zion; and it was during his last illness, just a few hours before his death, that Presidents Taylor, Richards and Carrington returned from organizing the last Stake.

Seven years have been occupied in the construction of this elegant building at Logan. The Temple is 171 feet long, 95 feet broad and 86 feet high to the square, with an octagon tower 100 feet high at each corner, and a large, square tower at each end, the western one being 165 feet high and the eastern 170 feet to the top of the vane.

This was the length of time consumed in the erection of Solomon's Temple. Of course, there can be but little comparison between the Temple of Solomon and the Temple just completed at Logan, except that both were designed for the solemnization of ordinances pertaining to man's salvation; but considering the position of those who built those Temples, the work at Logan calls forth admiration equal with that at Jerusalem in the days of Solomon. The Logan Temple has been built by a people who have not accumulated an abundance of this world's goods. Many of those who have contributed to its erection came here as exiles from religious persecution with but scarcely sufficient to sustain life till they brought forth from the elements that which was necessary for their support; and others have been people who have come from distant nations in obedience to the command of God, and who have either been helped here by their co-religionists or who came here with but very little means. The Temple is a standing monument of the faith and devotion and the unselfishness of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, especially those comprised within that Temple district—the Stakes of Cache, Box Elder and Bear Lake—including those who now are formed into the Oneida and Bannock Stakes.

How different the circumstances which surrounded the people of Israel who contributed to the erection of Solomon's Temple! Four hundred and eighty years had elapsed from the time of their exodus from Egypt. The nation was exceedingly numerous, and during that period had increased immensely in wealth. This made the erection of that building (the most elegant and costly structure, perhaps, the world had, up to that period, ever seen) one of comparative ease. David, during his long reign, had accumulated treasures for the express purpose of building a house unto the Lord: these were bequeathed to his son Solomon with the duty and labor of its erection. Wealth poured into Solomon from every hand. The early part of his reign was unsurpassed for glory and prosperity. It is said, "All the kings of the earth sought his presence to hear the wisdom that God had put in his

heart, and they brought every man his present—vessels of silver and vessels of gold, and raiment, harness and spices, horses and mules," etc. We are told that he surpassed all contemporaneous kings in riches and wisdom. With him silver was so abundant that he made it in Jerusalem as common as stones, and cedar trees were as abundant in that city as sycamore trees were in the low plains.

The Temple of Solomon was distinguished for the grandeur of its architecture, for the abundance of the precious metals that were used in its adornment, and the value of the precious stones and rich gems with which it was ornamented. There is scarcely room to doubt that the surrounding nations took pattern from this style of architecture in erecting temples for their gods, and that it gave all the world ideas about architecture that it otherwise would not have had. It is said of that Temple, that all its arrangements were identical, and the dimensions of every part exactly double those of the Tabernacle. The Holy of Holies in the Tabernacle was a cube, ten cubits each way; in the Temple it was twenty cubits. All the dimensions of the Tabernacle were exactly doubled in the Temple. The Tabernacle had been designed expressly for the service of the Lord according to the revelations which He had given. The Temple also was built with the same object in view. The spoil that was afterwards taken from Solomon's Temple was highly valued by the conquerors of Jerusalem. We have an illustration of this given to us in the 5th chapter of Daniel. Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast, and he ordered the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the Temple at Jerusalem, to be brought out of his treasure house, that he and his princes, his wives and his concubines might drink therein; and while thus feasting and partly intoxicated, praising their gods of gold and silver, etc., the fingers of a man's hand were seen writing upon the wall the fate of that king and his kingdom.

When God inspired Cyrus to cause the Temple at Jerusalem to be re-built, these vessels of gold and silver were brought forth and were returned to Jerusalem. Zerubbabel, assisted by Ezra and others, in the midst of interruptions, finally completed the building in the days of Darius, one of the successors of Cyrus. This was the second time the Temple was built. It was again destroyed and again re-built by Herod, which was the Temple that stood in the days of the Savior.

It is remarkable how wealth poured into the hands of those who undertook this work of Temple building. In the case of Solomon we are told what vast treasures accumulated in his hands. Similar results appear to have attended the building of the second Temple. In the seventh chapter of Ezra it will be seen how God moved upon the heart of Artaxerxes to contribute liberally towards the erection of that building. Speaking to Ezra, in his letter, he says, "And to carry the silver and gold, which the king and his counselors have freely offered unto the God of Israel, whose habitation is in Jerusalem, and all silver and gold that thou canst find in all the province of Babylon, with the free-will offering of the people and of the priests, offering willingly for the house of their God which is in Jerusalem; * * * And whatsoever shall seem good to thee, and to thy brethren, to do with the rest of the silver and gold, that do after the will of your God. The vessels also that are given thee for the service of the house of thy God, those deliver thou before the God of Jerusalem. And whatsoever more shall be needful for the house of thy God, which thou shalt have occasion to bestow, bestow it out of the king's treasury house."

It seemed as though the labor of Temple building was so acceptable to the God of heaven that He put it into the hearts of kings and others to be liberal and to lavish their treasures, not only upon the house itself, but to aid those engaged in building the house.

Among the Nephites, the work of Temple building demanded great attention. Nephi, himself, before he died, had erected a temple after the fashion of that of Solomon excepting that it was not so richly adorned, and we find numerous allusions to Temples in various parts of the land afterwards among the Nephites.

In our day Temple building has been attended with wonderful results in the case of the Latter-day Saints. Not only have the people been blessed with the blessings of heaven and with the increase of spiritual gifts and power, but they have been rewarded with an increase of temporal prosperity. This was the case in Kirtland, and, as to spiritual power and gifts, in Nauvoo also. It was with difficulty that the house was completed in Nauvoo sufficiently to be dedicated before the Saints were driven—yet an era of prosperity, such as the Saints had never witnessed, then began, and which has continued until the present time.

The Temple at St. George was not only attended by an increase of power, and the manifestations of God, but those settlements that were principally engaged in its erection were greatly prospered in that labor. A visit to the north cannot fail to impress every one with the fact that God's favor has been shown unto the people to an extraordinary extent who have been engaged in the construction of the Logan Temple.

The completion of this building brings the people nearer to heaven, and there is no labor that I know anything of in which the Latter-day Saints can engage that is more likely to result in greater temporal prosperity than this labor of Temple building. With all the efforts of our enemies to retard the work of God it rolls steadily forward. The faith and zeal which the Saints manifest in carrying out the commands of the Lord, undismayed by the threats of their enemies, meets with divine approval in the outpouring of great blessings upon them, and it seems at the present time that we are entering upon a career of prosperity both spiritual and temporal, such as this Church has never witnessed, and this, too, in face of a wide-spread opposition such as the Church has never had to contend with.

TOO SAFE A SAFE.—A mechanic in New Orleans constructed a safe which he declared to be burglar-proof. To convince the incredulous of the fact, he placed a one-thousand-dollar bill in his pocket, had himself locked in the safe, and declared that he would give the money to the man that unfastened the door. All the blacksmiths and burglars in the State have been boring and beating at that safe for a week, and the man is in there yet! He has whispered through the key-hole that he will make the reward ten thousand dollars if somebody would only let him out. Fears are entertained that the whole concern will have to be melted down in a blast-furnace before he is released; and efforts are to be made to pass in through the key-hole, a fire-proof jacket, to protect the inventor while the iron is melting. The inventor says that, if he once gets out, he will, in future, always try the experiment with a rival patentee inside. He says he never thought he should wish, as he does now, that some one would find a weak place in his armor.—*Ex.*

HEROISM OF A WOMAN.

ALL Andalusia had been conquered by Joseph Buonaparte before Massena invaded Portugal, except the town of Cadiz and Isla da Leon, on which it stands. In March, 1811, Marshal Victor blockaded the Isla with immense works; the whole province being held by Soult and Sebastian with a large army. A British and Portuguese force, under General Graham, was marched into Cadiz to reinforce the Spanish garrison.

The little fort of Matagorda, without a ditch, and not bomb-proof, was entrusted to a garrison of British seamen and soldiers under Captain McLean. It was close to the French lines at Trocadero, and was instantly cannonaded. A Spanish seventy-four and a flotilla co-operated in the resistance till March 21st, but then a hissing shower of heated shot made them cut their cables, and run under the works of Cadiz. A fire of forty-eight guns and mortars of the largest size was then turned on the fort, the feeble parapet of which was soon shot entirely away, leaving only a naked rampart and gallant hearts for its defense. The brave tars and soldiers fell fast under the rapid and heavy firing, which was so close that a staff bearing the Spanish flag was broken six times in the course of an hour; the colors were then nailed to an angle of the work itself, though the men entreated that the Union Jack might take the place of the banner of Spain, the sailors crying out that they were slaughtered because they fought under a foreign flag.

While this hail of cannon-balls poured on the devoted fort, a sergeant's wife, named Retoon, was in a easemate tending the wounded men. Water was required, and a little drummer was ordered to fetch some from the well of the fort. The motherly, tender-hearted woman saw that the child hesitated and looked pale. She snatched the bucket from him, and went out herself, walking bravely through the shower of shot. A shot cut the bucket-cord from her hand; she picked up the bucket, went to the well, and returned undaunted with her welcome supply.

For thirty hours the British endured this "pounding," as the duke was wont to call it, and sixty-four men had fallen out of one hundred and forty; when Graham, finding a diversion which he had projected impracticable, sent boats to carry off the survivors.

PLAYING TRUANT.—We never knew a boy in the habit of playing truant, and wasting the golden hours of youth, to become a great and distinguished man. Most often the idler of early life is the laggard in the world's race. Truly happy is the boy whom parental or friendly care saves from this alluring danger of youthful days. The reason why truancy is so serious an evil is not the loss of a day or two at school now and then, or any other immediate or direct consequence of it, but because it is the beginning of a long course of sin; it leads to bad company, and to deception, and to vicious habits; it stops the progress of preparation for the duties of life, hardens the heart, and opens the door for every temptation and sin, which, if not closed, must bring the poor victim to ruin. These are what constitute its dangers.

A QUIET conscience causes a quiet sleep.
IN the company of strangers silence is safe.

THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN E. CARLISLE.

WHEN Jesus was personally present with the disciples it seems that the influence of His presence and teachings answered the purpose of the Holy Ghost to them. Before His departure He promised them the Comforter, telling them what it should do. He also told them to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endowed with power from on high. The promise Peter made on the day of Pentecost would indicate that he appreciated highly the gift of the Holy Ghost in the work of salvation. He knew of its office work in aiding and guiding unto salvation those who received it.

The difficulty of resisting the temptations, which constantly present themselves to human beings, without the aid of some higher power than that of man, is easily understood. That God provided a plan by which men receive help in doing His will—through the Holy Ghost—is evident. The history of man demonstrates that unless he is continually encouraged and sustained he will very soon forget his obligations unto God. The gifts and blessings of the Spirit constantly remind men of the watchcare of the Father; they encourage him to continue serving the Lord, and thus tend toward perfection. Without the fruits and intelligence of the Spirit being made manifest, we would be in total darkness regarding God, His laws or the plan of salvation. We could not know for ourselves that the gospel is true. We learn from the revelations of John that the testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy. The possession of the testimony of Jesus would indicate the possession of the Holy Ghost. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." That the possession of the Holy Spirit is the very essence of religion, or of the gospel, none should deny. From it come the gifts and blessings, and without them what have we?

Seeing the necessity of this gift the question is, how can it be received? The plan evidently taught by the apostles, was by the laying on of hands, as witnessed in the eighth and nineteenth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles and found in the sixth chapter of Hebrews. The ordinance was performed by those having authority. Peter and John had to go to Samaria and lay hands upon certain ones in order that they might receive the Holy Ghost. Peter and John held a Priesthood which gave them the right to officiate in that ordinance. Those who had baptized these Samaritans evidently did not, or they could have also laid hands upon them for the reception of the Holy Ghost.

In proof that it requires proper authority to lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, an incident which took place in the mission field occurs to my mind:

A number of years ago, a person who held only the office of a Priest, which pertains unto the Aaronic Priesthood, was left in a field without the company of an Elder for a time. Through ignorance, doubtless, he baptized and confirmed a number of persons. All of those persons, I was told, who thus had had hands laid upon them, apostatized. The Priest had authority to baptize them but not to confirm. Consequently we can reason why the blessing was not bestowed.

The lack of authority explains the reason why the world does not receive this principle. It would indeed be sad to think, that knowing this lack of authority, they would assume to act in so sacred an ordinance. The blessings would not be received if they did and they would soon prove to be impostors. The following passage is often referred to in order to show

that the fruits of the Spirit are not needed to-day: "Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." (*I. Cor. xiii, 8.*) The following passage shows when that time shall be: "But when that which is perfect is come, then shall that which is part be done away."

At best we only enjoy the fruits of the Spirit in part in our human condition. The perfect time has not yet come, consequently we need the aid of the gifts of the Spirit in preparing us for that time. That the Holy Ghost is received by persons in this day who have complied with the laws, and who have had hands laid upon them by those who held authority, the Latter-day Saints can bear witness. That God does not recognize the ordinance nor confer the blessing, when performed by one who has received no authority, is also true. It is also evident that a religion without the Holy Ghost would be a mere form without the power.

VANITY.

BY J. C.

WHAT is vain man, that he should boast
Of what he owns or what he knows!
The hour that gives the next is lost;
To-day may weave to-morrow's woes.

Our earthly dreams that tow'r so high
To foster fancy's ardent flow,
A gust of fate that hurries by
May smite their pomp and lay them low.

O, what a temple, great and grand,
Of dazzling things the mind has reared,
To flatter ev'ry rank and state,
Since man, the creature, first appeared!

And yet, how proud and confident
And rash is man within himself!
How panting, selfish and intent
To trust the treacherous reeds of self!

Were half the energy bestowed
On charity, that thus is spent
How many hearts, with lighter load,
Might breathe the rest of sweet content!

How subtle are the snares of pride!
How lurid are the gates of sin!
Shedding their glimmer far and wide,
To lure their hapless victims in.

How better far 't would be if man
Would build a citadel of might,
With God, his Architect to plan
The way and means to build it right!

Than vainly build upon the sand
A structure weak, that storms will wild
Will surely sweep, with ruthless hand,
And leave him chidden and beguiled.

A MOUNTAIN TALE.

BY J. H. W.

THE golden rays of a September sun were declining in the west as five young men, lying stretched on the green sward beside a canyon stream, were cheerfully chatting of the past, the present and the future. Born and reared in Utah, beneath her clear skies and amid her grand old mountains, they knew little of the outside world, its scenery, its people, and modes of thought. Their days had been spent in tilling the soil, cutting wood and lumber in the canyons, or driving their herds and flocks to pasture on the mountain side.

While thus merrily chatting a horseman was seen in the distance. As he approaches they perceive that he is from their own settlement. A few moments later he dismounts and after the usual salutations he draws from his pocket two letters, one of which he hands to Henry R—, the other to George B—. A momentary pause ensued, then Henry read his letter, which was as follows :

“——— UTAH,

“September 13th, 187—.

“DEAR HENRY :—I have just received a letter from President Young, requesting you to prepare for a mission to the States. You know my mind on such matters. Should you conclude to go, your brother, who takes this letter to you, will take your place in attending the herd. My health is good and I have no doubt I shall be able, with the aid of your sister and little brother, to manage the farm. Seek counsel from on high, and do your duty.

“Your father,

“WILLIAM R——.”

The young men gazed at each other in silence. A crisis in their lives had arrived. To say they were surprised would not describe their feelings. In a moment their ideas underwent a great change. Hitherto they looked upon themselves as boys, now they perceived that they must assume the responsibilities of men. Thus far they had held the position of scholars. Now the authorities of the Church were looking to them as aids and co-workers in the dissemination of truth. One out of their midst had been called to lay aside his work and go to a distant land, among strangers and enemies, to preach the gospel; to advocate principles of an unpopular religion, to combat error in its strongholds, and thereby subject himself to insult, and, possibly, to personal injury, defended only with the armor of God's eternal truth. It was the dawning of a new day, the awakening of a new spiritual existence.

O! it imparts a heroism, a dignity, a moral sublimity to one, be his sphere what it may, however exalted, however humble, when he feels that he is acting his part on the theater of life as one that has a work to do and that not man's work, which is often a poor, contemptible, thankless task, but God's work which is ever a glorious, a delightful work.

“All right,” said Henry at length, “be good to yourselves, boys.” And taking the reins from his brother's hand, he mounted his horse and was soon out of sight.

Just then the sharp crack of a rifle was heard over the hill, and a few moments after Brother, more frequently called Uncle, Martin made his appearance, carrying with him a splendid specimen of mountain grouse.

Uncle Martin was one who, in common phrase, “had seen better days.” Born and reared in New England he had imbibed from infancy an intense love of liberty, and hatred of tyranny either spiritual or political. In early life he had gained a moderate fortune; but the greater part of it was lost in the financial crisis of 1857. But this he considered rather a blessing than otherwise, since it helped him to tear away from the scenes of his early life. He was rather an eccentric character, yet he always had a cheerful smile and a kindly greeting to all whom he met. From his kindly manners, vast fund of knowledge and sterling good sense, he had become a sort of general adviser to the young of the settlement. He had always a helping hand and a word of sympathy, and many were the difficulties he had helped the boys bridge over, in their rough life of the mountains.

By the time Uncle Martin was seated the boys were eager for a story or bit of news, or whatever would amuse and instruct them. Meanwhile George B—, who had stolen away to read his letter, which was generally understood to be from his sweetheart, had returned. Charley King, with a shy glance toward George, asked Uncle Martin, “What's the greatest blessing a fellow has?”

“Honest, God-fearing parents,” replied Uncle Martin.

“And what's the next?” added Charley.

“A true wife,” said Uncle Martin.

“And how will we find one?” asked two others.

“Be true to your principles, and valiant in the cause of right. You'll soon find one whose tastes are like your own. Girls are not blind, by any means,” added Uncle Martin. “The hearts of those who love will never be false—you will not have to woo long in order to win. Find one whom you can love and one who will love you though all the world despise. Yes, boys, there are such girls. There are those who will wait for one, who will live for one, who will die for one they love. They are not in the market for everyone to inspect. They ask but for the heart that is true, the mind that is pure. When either of you find such a girl you find a prize. No matter if poverty is yours—love will share it. If in trouble, she will cling to you, weep with you, sympathize with you, and lifting your hearts in prayer to God you can look the future fearlessly in the face and wait till the clouds roll by.”

“And now, boys, I will tell you when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of twenty-one I had saved up three hundred dollars. I was earning four hundred dollars a year and my father only required me to pay my own expenses. At the age of twenty-two, I had secured and furnished a small but comfortable dwelling in the edge of the town where my father lived. I was married on a Tuesday, a beautiful day in May. My wife came to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The next day I went to work while my mother and sisters aided my wife in preparing our little home. When the labors of the day were over I went not to the paternal roof as in the past, but to my own house—I opened the door, kitchen and dining room were all one then. The table was set against the wall, the evening meal was ready—prepared by her who had come to be my helpmeet in deed as well as in name, and by the table, with a throbbing, expectant look upon her lovely and loving face, stood my wife.

* * * * *

“Since then many years have passed, and I have seen many joys as well as some sorrow. But through all life's journey I have never experienced greater happiness than in that May evening so long ago.”

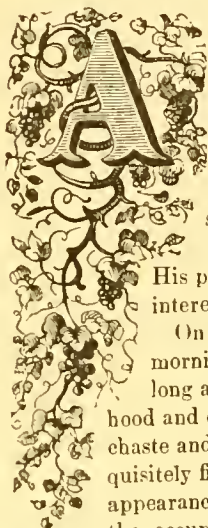
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



FEW days ago we returned from the dedication of the Logan Temple. A week of the most delightful character has been spent in that city. We felt that we were near the gates of heaven. This feeling has doubtless been shared by all who were present as visitors, and, so far as we could hear, by the residents themselves. The Lord has been with His people. The ceremonies were of the most interesting character.

On May the 17th, at 10:30 o'clock, in the morning, the upper room of the temple (104 ft. long and 80 ft. wide) was filled with the Priesthood and other members of the Church. A more chaste and elegant room we never were in. It is exquisitely finished and presents a grand and imposing appearance. The stands at either end, intended for the occupancy of the presiding authorities in the Melchisedec and Aaronic Priesthoods, were filled with those for whom the seats were designed.

The dedicatory prayer was offered by President John Taylor, and was of a most comprehensive and impressive character. The remainder of the time at the first meeting was occupied by Presidents George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, Wilford Woodruff and Lorenzo Snow, making short addresses. The singing was conducted by the choir of Logan, under the leadership of Prof. Lewis. Two of the hymns sung on the occasion were composed by Elder Henry W. Naisbitt, and one by Elder James A. Leishman.

On Sunday the 18th, at the same hour, the hall was again filled with another congregation. The dedicatory prayer was read by President George Q. Cannon. The same hymns were sung, and the addresses were made by Apostles Erastus Snow and F. D. Richards.

On Monday the 19th, at the same hour, another congregation assembled in the hall. The choir again sang the hymns prepared for the occasion, and President Joseph F. Smith read the dedicatory prayer. Most interesting proceedings followed in the addresses of Apostles Carrington, Thatcher, Teasdale; Counselor D. H. Wells, Presiding Bishop W. B. Preston; and Elders Jacob Gates (one of the seven presidents of seventies) and Milo Andrus.

During the time of our visit the quarterly conference of the Saints was held in the assembly hall, there being two meetings on Friday, one on Saturday, two on Sunday, and evening meetings on Sunday and Monday.

There were vast crowds of people present, and the hospitality of the Saints in Cache Valley was taxed to the utmost.

On Wednesday, May 21st, the temple was opened to give endowments and other ordinances, and the work has fairly begun there, which will now be continued to meet the wants of the people, many of whom have looked forward with long-
ing anticipation to the completion of this building, that they might have an opportunity, before passing away, of attending to ordinances therein for themselves and their progenitors.

In the heart of every faithful Saint who was present at the dedication there could be but one feeling, namely, that the Lord had accepted of the erection of that house. The manifestation of His Spirit, the outpouring of that heavenly influence upon all those who were prepared to receive it, was such as to make them conscious that God was near. If anything more was wanted to make this assurance past doubt, it was in the words of President John Taylor, while at the temple on Thursday morning shortly before leaving for the city, when he testified to his Counselors and the Apostles, and to a number of leading Elders who were present, that God had accepted of that house, and that they could write that down as a revelation from the Lord if they wished.

"1—Have you ever gone through a rite or ceremony of marriage with Girard Roundy?"

"2—Are you, in accordance with any religious rite, married to Girard Roundy?"

"3—Did you, at any time, marry Girard Roundy in plural or celestial form for time or eternity or both?"

"4—Are you his wife in plural marriage?"

"5—Are the relations existing between yourself and Girard Roundy those of husband and wife?"

"6—Do you decline to answer because it is a fact that you are his wife or are not so?"

"7—Did you ever go through the Endowment House in this city with Girard Roundy for the purpose of assuming or undertaking any covenants of marriage with him?"

"8—Have you ever been in the Endowment House?"

"9—Do you know who are the officiating priests or officers in the Endowment House?"

The foregoing are the questions which were asked of Sister Nellie White by the grand jury of this city, and afterwards by the court, on the 22nd of May. She refused to answer them and has been sent to the penitentiary where, at present writing, she is confined. It is supposed that this young lady is the plural wife of Bishop Roundy. The object in asking these questions is to prove this. She considers it none of their business and refuses to answer. We suppose there will be another case like that of Belle Harris, who was subjected to imprisonment and some indignity because of her unwillingness to criminate others.

The men who engage in this business of sending women to prison may think that they are likely to accomplish the ends they have in view by such means; but no one who understands human nature, or has read the lessons of history aright, can share with them any such opinion. Such methods never did succeed in checking any practice based on religious belief. Human nature is so constituted that persecution, especially if it be of an unjust, tyrannical character, only has the effect to arouse combativeness and to strengthen the determination of the persecuted to adhere to their principles. Our people's history abundantly proves this. That which we have most to fear is prosperity and ease, the increase of wealth and luxury. Under such circumstances men and women are apt to become indifferent about religion, to become lovers of ease and of pleasure, to have a dread of hardship, and to be willing to sacrifice religion for the sake of such enjoyment as wealth is supposed to bring. But people who have been schooled in adversity, who have made sacrifices, who have always been persecuted, do not attach importance to wealth and ease. They look forward to a higher reward, to the joys of heaven and the blessings promised unto them, if faithful, in the eternal worlds.

The persecution of Nellie White will only be another illustration of the futility of seeking to destroy "Mormonism," or of preventing the people from obeying God's commands.

"I'M NOT AFRAID."

"I'M not afraid," were the words of James Jackson as some of his playmates accused him of being a coward when he refused to accompany them on their Sunday boat-ride on the lake, "but I wish to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest."

"Oh, that's only one of your excuses," exclaimed several boys with one voice, "we know you are a coward!"

"Now, boys," spoke up George West, "you know James is not afraid of danger, because he has saved the lives of two of you when it seemed as though a runaway team would dash you to pieces; but he is afraid to do what he knows to be wrong, and in that I will stand by him. I would advise him not to go one step with you."

"Well, preacher," said one of the boys, "we ain't particular about your company, but we do want James to go with us; won't you, James?"

And James, after much persuasion and getting the promise of George West to go also, consented to be one of the party.

Now, James Jackson, besides being the best scholar in the village school, was also a leader in all the harmless sports of the play-ground. Cheerful and brave, good and kind, he won the hearts of all his companions, and no game seemed enjoyable without his presence. He was, however, like many other boys, influenced, at times, too easily by the wishes of those around him, and did things which he knew were not quite right. Such was the case now, for he was aware that it was improper to go boating on the Sabbath. George West was James' best companion. The two seemed more like brothers than merely schoolmates. The former was morally the stronger, while the latter was superior physically and mentally. George, by talking with James, kept him from doing many things that were improper, while James took George's part in all the school-boy disputes. None of the other scholars were really bad, and the little follies they did commit were rather the result of thoughtlessness than of intent.

The Sunday for the "out" arrived and, with cheers, the boys launched their boats on the quiet lake and the sport began. They agreed to have a sham naval battle. James was chosen captain of one vessel and George of the other. The crew that obtained the enemy's flags were to be considered the victors.

Up and down the lake the boats were rowed, each crew trying to gain the victory.

Finally James, who was standing in the end of his boat thought he saw an opportunity to close the engagement, and

reaching out his hand as the other boat passed, caught the flag. But, alas! in doing so he lost his balance, and down he went into the water.

A shout of "Man overboard!" caused all eyes to turn in the direction where James sank, but, as he was a good swimmer, no one was afraid but that he would soon be in his boat again. Up he came to the surface of the water, and, at the cry of the boys, made several strokes in the direction of the boats, but, in a moment, down he went again. Now the boys began to get frightened, and those who were the cause of his taking this boat-ride wished they had not accused him of being a coward. To those watching it seemed like hours before James was seen again, and then he looked as though life was almost gone.

Meanwhile, George had partially stripped, and, as his friend sank for the third time, sprang into the water. But a few

moments elapsed before he was seen again with his drowning friend clinging fast to him.

"Reach me an oar!" he faintly cried, and, with the help thus given, he was soon in the boat again with James, who was insensible to all that was passing.

Quickly all hands pulled for the shore where the almost drowned boy was rolled and shook until nearly all the water was out of him. He then opened his eyes and motioned for the boys to gather around him.

"Boys," said he, "this has been a close call for me, but I have deserved it all. When I fell into the water it seemed to me that it was a punishment for disregarding the Sabbath, and then my strength left me, and had it not been for George I should surely have been drowned. But, as it is, I have learned a lesson, which is, never to do what my conscience tells me is wrong, even if, by so doing, I'm called a coward."

"Please forgive us," exclaimed the boys who had teased him to go, "we did not think it would end like this!"

"Oh, I forgive you all," said James, "but, from now on, I want to lead out in doing what is right, and I hope you will follow me in this as you have done in all our games, where I have been leader."

All promised they would do so, and after James was fully recovered, which required several weeks, he found all the boys ready to follow him as they said they would. Instead of spending their Sundays in games, they organized classes for mutual instruction in religious matters, and also had lectures among themselves on various subjects of interest. By pursuing this course they derived much more pleasure than they had ever done in the games they formerly played on the Lord's day, for they felt no pangs of conscience in thus doing as the Creator commands.



THE TERRIBLE FIVE WEEKS.

IN the Spring of 18—, I had just finished my apprenticeship, and was as proud of beginning to work for myself, as if I had been made governor of the canton. And when the feast of Noel (Christmas) came round, Louise Morillon and I were to be married; so you see I had good cause to feel glad.

One fine afternoon I was busy with a job, and working hard to finish it in time to have a walk with Louise, when, all at once, I heard a shout from the other end of the street, and then a queer noise like the beating (if you can fancy such a thing) of a drum with a hole in it; and in a moment the cry got up—

"Here's the Tambour come back again!"

The Tambour was a poor, half-witted lad, who used to come strolling through the valley every now and then, dressed in queer clothes which he had picked up in the course of his wanderings; and beating with might and main upon a tin pan, which was what first got him the name of "Le Tambour" (the Drummer)—for what his real name was nobody ever knew.

However, the poor Tambour was a kind-hearted fellow with all his silliness; and he would sing little songs, and carve toys for the children, and make wreaths of flowers for the young girls, and do an odd job every now and then, when any one wanted a helping hand; and that's more than many men in their senses would take the trouble to do for you, I know that! It was nice to see the way in which the half-witted lad was treated by gentle and simple. He was not only invited but pressed into their homes.

But this time the Tambour was so gloomy and silent, that we all wondered what could be the matter with him. He didn't seem to have any heart to dance or crack jokes with us as usual; and the only song he sang during the two days he stayed with us, was this:

"When leaves are springing on every tree
Martigny vale shall be fair to see;
When Autumn's breath turns the leaves to brown,
Gone shall be valley, and village, and town!"

And every time, as he ended, he would hold up his finger and say, "Beware!" so solemnly, that we all felt quite uncomfortable without knowing why.

This was in the end of February; and as the year bade fair to be a very fine one, and there was no sign of danger anywhere, we soon forgot all about the prophecy, except to have a laugh over it every now and then.

But, about the middle of March, we made a discovery which, I warrant you, made us all serious enough. The Dranse, which was wont to be running like a mill-race when March came, with the melting of the snows from the surrounding hills, had, for some time past, seemed to be getting less and less, till at last we could fairly *see* it shrinking as we looked at it. The mud on the banks got parched into clay, the hidden rocks started up out of the water and lay festering in the sun, and still the stream kept dwindling, and dwindling, and dwindling, till the only water that was left lay in the pools under the shadow of the big stones.

At last the river was clean gone; and *then* we began to get frightened, and some of us determined to follow its course upward, and see what on earth was the matter with it; and I—for I was young and strong then, and liked nothing better than an adventure of any kind—went along with them. We

went up the valley to the very end, and then over the glaciers above it, till we got into the narrow glen that lies between Mont Pleureur and Mont Mauvoisin; and there, sure enough, we *did* see a sight!

A great piece of the Getroz glacier, big enough to sweep away a whole town at once, had broken away, carrying all the stones and gravel along with it, had slipped right down into the bed of the river, and blocked it up completely, with a mass of ice and rubbish six times as high as the spire of Martigny church, and ever so many hundred feet thick. The water being dammed up in this way, had formed an enormous lake, which was already a mile and a half long, and getting higher every hour! Some time or other, of course, the flood would burst the barrier, and come pouring down into the valley, in which case, as we well knew, every house from Les Rochers down to Martigny would be swept away like a bit of paper.

Down we went again as fast as we could, in a terrible fright, to announce our discovery; and when we told what we had seen, you never saw such a panic as there was! Some stood still and stared as if they were turned to stone; others ran home to pack up what they had, and get out of harm's way as soon as possible; and there was an uproar such as I never heard before—everybody speaking at once, and nobody knowing what to suggest.

Then, in the middle of all the clamor and confusion, came forward Monsieur Venetz, our engineer (God bless him for a brave man!), and said:

"We may be saved yet, if you will only go to work like men instead of crying out like children. Give me two hundred men upon whom I can rely, and I'll cut a canal through the ice before the water can break it down, and let it off by degrees. Who'll join?"

The very sound of his voice, so firm and cheery in the midst of this horrible danger, steadied us at once; and Monsieur Lebon, the bailiff of Martigny—who had come up at the first alarm—went to work at once to carry out the plans he had proposed. And really, the whole thing seemed to shape itself out as if by magic; for it's wonderful how soon you get anything done when you go to work upon it in real earnest. So many men were told off to work; so many young women and young lads to carry them food and whatever else they wanted; the rest to get the household furniture out of the way, and put up signals here and there along the valley, in case it should be necessary to give an alarm.

Away we went up the valley—I and the rest of the working party—as if there was a new spirit in us; and so indeed there was—the spirit of a brave man, with whom was the hand of God. It did us all good, too, to feel that we were really *doing* something, instead of just standing still and trembling at the danger.

Well, the work began—such a work as was never done in Switzerland before or since. We started the cutting from both sides of the ice-wall at once, to save time (for we knew there was none to spare), and began sixty feet above the level of the lake, which was rising about two feet a day. So that, put shortly, the whole thing came to this—if we could cut the channel before the water overflowed, we might save the valley yet; if not, our labor was thrown away, and we, and our comrades, and all the people of the district, were dead men.

I've seen plenty of work in my time, but never anything like that. In the midst of ice and snow, with the glacier shaking and crumbling under foot, and the great flood striving to break

loose overhead, the work never slackened night or day. We relieved each other every six hours or so, working in gangs of fifty at a time, and every man hewing away as if it depended on his own arm; while, down below, the rest were working in like manner to remove the property, and get all the old and helpless people out of the way, and driving the cattle and sheep up to the mountains; and, more than once, Monsieur the bailiff came right up to where we were, at the risk of his life, to say a kind word to us, and see that we wanted for nothing.

Meanwhile the water continued to rise, and to press more and more strongly against the dyke. One day it rose five feet instead of two; and we began to fear that, after all, our labor would be in vain. And now, as the weather grew warmer, and the snows melted, avalanche after avalanche came crashing down on every side, and the ice at the bottom of the lake split with a noise like the loudest thunder, and great masses, sixty or seventy feet high, rose up through the water and went floating hither and thither, dashing against each other with a frightful uproar; and in the midst of all this, we had to work thirty-five days!

At last the work was done; but when the two galleries met, it was found that the outer one, which opened down to the valley, was twenty feet higher than the one leading from the lake; and the only thing to be done was to cut it down to its level.

"Never mind!" says Monsieur Venetz, as cheerily as ever; "what matters a little extra labor if we can but save the valley? Come along, boys!"

And at it we went again.

On the 13th of June the rush began. At first it didn't pour very freely; but the force of the water soon widened the channel, and out it poured like a cataract. In fifty-six hours the water had sunk full thirty feet over a surface of two miles by one; and we, thinking the danger all over, were just thinking of going down to the valley again, when Blaize Fauchet, who had been looking over the edge of the rock that flanked the chasm, gave a cry that startled us all.

"There's something wrong down yonder!" cried he, "see how the bottom of the ice-wall is shaking! What if—"

At that moment there came a crash as if the world itself were burst in pieces, and the whole wall fell outward in one great mass. The force of the cataract, falling from such a height, had fairly undermined the rotten base of the dam; and then the pressure of the water blew it out as if with a cannon. In an instant the whole air was in one whirl of spray and gravel, and flying splinters of ice; and I and all my comrades dropped down with the shock, deafened and stunned as if by the explosion of a powder-magazine.

What happened after that, I only heard long after; for, at the time, I was so dazed with the frightful uproar, and dizzied with the rush and whirl of the flood, that I was just like one in a dream. In half an hour the lake was drained to the bottom, and in that time (as one of our scientific men calculated afterwards) five times as much water passed through the gap as there is in the Rhine at Basle, where it's thirteen hundred feet broad! Houses, churches, bridges, blocks of ice and rock fifty or sixty feet high, were swept away like nothing; and the whole weight of the ruin, clearing the twenty-four miles of valley as quick as a train could have done it, came down upon Martigny like a thunderbolt, laying the whole place in ruins at one blow.

The bridge of Mauvoisin, ninety feet above the ordinary level of the Dranse, was torn away like a rag, and four hun-

dred houses were swept off, and the whole face of the valley was trenched up as with a ploughshare. That one half-hour cost more than a million of Swiss livres! Happily not many lives were lost, for the signals carried the alarm down the valley like lightning; but even as it was, thirty-four perished in Martigny alone.

Poor Auguste Faure, of Lavey, who was to have been married next day, went into Martigny that morning and never came back, and for years after the poor girl would sit watching all day at her window, looking for his return. Thank God, she is with him again now!

And when the waters had subsided, we found, far down the valley, among the rocks below the Martigny tower, the body of poor Tambour, cold and dead, with little Adele Havart, our blacksmith's little girl, still clasped in his arms. She had always been a pet of his, poor fellow; and he had risked his life to save her, and died in attempting it. We hadn't the heart to separate them, so we just buried them both together.

Selected.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

TYING UP A "MORMON" ELDER.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

IN the Summer of 1879, I succeeded in opening up a field of labor in a neighborhood called West Fork, in Cerro Gordo county, Iowa. Sheffield, a railway town, some ten or twelve miles distant, was the nearest post office.

After holding several meetings in the school house at West Fork, I went to Sheffield to get the mail, and remained all night in town. During the night it rained—no, it more than rained, it poured down and there was no reserve to it; had such a rain occurred in the Southern States, the people would have called it a "stump piler." In this particular part of Iowa, there were many unbelievers in the Bible. They were especially skeptical about Noah's flood; but after that night's rain, their doubts began to grow weaker. They admitted Noah's flood was a *possibility*. On the flood question they stood about seven to eight after that storm.

The following day I had to return to West Fork, as there was an appointment to preach that night. All the creeks were swollen, and in every swale of the prairie I found a muddy stream ever ready to block up the way. At last I came in view of Cedar river. It had overflowed its banks, but a portion of the approach to the bridge could be seen, and I hoped the bridge was all right.

I had to wade in back water knee-deep for several hundred yards before reaching that part of the approach above water. On getting to this point, I found the bridge had been torn away by the tumultuous flood, which now swept with angry rush between the bare buttments. What is to be done? was the question. Shall I return to Sheffield and cross again all the streams I have waded during the day, and miss filling my appointment? Or shall I attempt to cross this vicious looking stream, and hold the meeting? The latter course was decided upon.

On the lower side of the buttment on which I stood, I noticed three heavy, two-inch planks. It occurred to me if they were on the upper side of the buttment, I might stand on them, and by giving a vigorous push toward the opposite

shore, the stream would drift them and me over to the other bank. I, therefore, carried the planks to the upper side of the approach, and moved two of them in the still back water.

To place the valise on them and then get on board myself was but the work of a moment. I then took the third plank, to use as a push-oar, and worked the raft (?) along until the running water was reached—the point where I was to give the “mighty push” which was to carry us to the other side. I began to give it, but the planks commenced sinking under the pressure, and I had to drop the push-oar. Reaching the middle of the stream the planks headed down stream—we started for the Gulf of Mexico. The banks of the stream were gliding by at a tremendous rate, I thought, but I had no time to take note of the beauty which doubtless adorned them. Wild flowers of every variety and in rich profusion may have clothed the rolling prairies in a garment of many colors, but I had no time to admire them. The sweet songsters of nature may have made the stillness glad with their melodies, but I had no time to listen. The two planks on which I was standing manifested a disposition to separate, and it was all I could do to keep them together. Then they were awfully particular as to the amount of weight each should carry. If I happened to bear down a little more on one than on the other it would begin to sink—I can boast for once I was an evenly-balanced boy.

The stream appeared mad with delight in having me in its power; it played all manner of pranks with my hopes and fears—now drifting me towards its banks until I began to think I should reach *terra firma*, then whirling me out again to the middle of the current.

At last as we came around a bend in the river, I saw a large part of the bridge, which had been carried away, lodged in a growth of willow saplings, and towards this the planks drifted. As soon as I was near enough I threw my valise on the drift, and then jumped towards it myself; I missed it, but a few rapid strokes brought me within reach. It was an easy matter from this drift to reach the shore by wading several score yards through back-water which was not, at least in any place I struck, more than neck deep.

I came out on the right side, that is, on the side opposite that from which I started.

After wringing the water out of my clothing I continued the journey, feeling grateful that I had escaped so easily from my unpleasant situation.

As is usual where the Elders preach the gospel, my meetings and the doctrines advanced became the all-absorbing theme of conversation throughout the neighborhood. It forced itself upon the attention of three ministers who resided in that district of country, and during my brief absence they had boasted that they would “tie that young Mormon up.” I had adopted the plan of giving my hearers an opportunity of propounding questions to me, at the close of each meeting, on the subjects treated of in the discourse; and these ministers hearing of this, said that would be their opportunity to “tie up the young Mormon.” They would question him, cross him in his words, show the falsity of his teachings, and “expose Mormonism” generally. Everywhere they went, they boasted what they would do, and how they would do it.

My friends informed me of the plans of the ministers—so I knew what to expect.

That night the house was crowded—not even standing room for all who came. The ministers were there, and occupied

the front seat facing the teacher’s desk which served me as a pulpit. I announced the subject for the evening, as follows: “A man must be called of God, by prophecy and the laying on of hands by those who are in authority, to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.” The ministers were ready with their pencils to take notes. I stepped from behind the desk and stood in front of them, addressing them as a lawyer would a jury. The Spirit of the Lord was with me, it loosened my tongue, and the ministers soon became tired of taking notes. It was proved from holy writ that God had always called men by prophecy and revelation to administer in the ordinances of salvation; and I then proclaimed to them that God had again spoken from heaven, had called men by His own voice to be prophets and apostles, and to minister in things pertaining to God; that I was sent to them by that authority to call upon them to repent of their sins and turn unto the Lord.

The people arose and I dismissed them, after which all took their seats, and I announced the privilege that they now had to ask me questions. All eyes were turned upon the ministers; they moved uneasily in their seats; evidently they felt uncomfortable; they exchanged glances, and then settled back in their seats in a way which seemed to indicate that they had nothing to offer. Perfect silence was retained for fully ten minutes; then a person in the back part of the hall said: “I guess we can go home now?” “Yes,” I replied, “I am through for this evening, unless some persons have got questions they wish to ask.” As none were asked the people filed slowly out of the house—the ministers being among the first. They had changed their minds about “tying up the young Mormon.” Men do sometimes change their minds. But perhaps these boastful followers of the lowly Nazarene, can only be charged with changing their mode of operation in “tying up the Mormon,” as next day they were visiting the members of their respective flocks, advising them not to encourage the “Mormon” meetings by their presence; furthermore, by listening to the “Mormons” preach, they would become unsettled in their faith. Then followed the usual repetition of slanderous reports and blood-curdling stories.

My experience with these modern seetarian preachers has often brought to my mind the anecdote about the lawyer: A gentleman said to a lawyer friend, “What do you do for an argument before the jury when you have no case at all?” “Oh!” replied the legal gentleman (?), “I abuse the opposite counsel!” Many ministers whose acquaintance I have found, act as if they had received the command: “Go thou, and do likewise.” Sooner or later, however, it will occur to mankind that “persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph.”

WHAT DOES “ECONOMY” MEAN?—In our use of the word “economy,” it means merely sparing or saving; economy of money means the saving of money, economy of time the sparing of time, and so on. But economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means the administration of a house—its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy means the wise management of labor; and it means this mainly in three senses, namely, first, *applying* our labor rationally; secondly, *preserving* its produce carefully; and, lastly, *distributing* its produce seasonably.—*Ruskin*.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

PERSEVERANCE.

"Eight times three!" said Willie Wilson, impatiently. "Oh, what is the matter with me? Can't I get that right?"

"Come on, Willie!" shouted the boys at the window; "we can't wait; finish your lesson afterward."

"O, yes," said Willie. "'Afterward!' I know all about him; he has cheated me many a time, and I have no faith in him. Nine times four are thirty-six."

"Bother nine times four! It is time we were off, and we shall have to go without you."

"I should like to bother it," said Willie; "it is giving me bother enough. How much is it, anyhow?"

"One hundred and seventy-nine. Now come on this minute, or we shall go without you."

"Look here, Harry Jones," said Willie, looking up a minute from his work; "this is the last example in our lesson. I've got all the others, and I know I shan't have any more time for arithmetic, and I don't mean to stir from this corner till I get this bothering old fellow right. I've gone over him three times now, and it won't come; if I have to do it three hundred times I mean to have it. So there!"

"Bother take the old example, anyhow?" said Harry, in his crossest tone. "Come on boys; we can't lose all the fun waiting till midnight for him;" and away every boy went.

"Nine times four are thirty-four," said Willie, patiently; and though, of course, it was not right, and never will be, he worked away just as steadily; and when he found that he was wrong, again, he said, talking to himself: "Now, look here! You think you are going to beat me don't you? Well, you were never more mistaken in your life, My name is Persevere Wilson. Father said I had earned that name, and that I should have it as long as I deserved it; and I hope you don't think I am going to lose my name and my place in the class just to please you."

Then he began again, slowly, patiently, each figure carefully studied, and at last the example "proved itself," and Willie, with a soft hurrah and a loud yawn, got up from his corner. The last glimmer of twilight was fading. No use to talk of ball playing now; fun was over for that evening.

"I don't care," said Willie, as he went up to bed; "it will be more fun for me than for the others when the roll of examples is called to-morrow."

Sure enough! "Master Willie," said Prof. Bennet, looking up over his spectacles, "you are the only member of the class to be marked 'Perfect' to-day. There was more ball-playing than perseverance by the rest of the class, I fear."—*Ex.*

I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

'Twas in the flowery month of June,
The sun was in the West,
When a merry, blithsome company
Met at a public feast.

Around the rooms rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay;
Friend greeted friend right joyously
Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare;
The guests sat down to dine;
Some called for "bitter" some for "stout,"
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyous company
A modest youth appeared;
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near,
"What will you take, sir?" he inquired,
"Stout, bitter, mild or clear?"

"We've rich supplies of foreign port,
We've first-class wine and cakes."
The youth, with guileless look, replied,
"I'll take what father takes."

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict deep and strong
Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son,
Then gazed upon the wine;
O God! he thought: were he to taste,
Who could the end divine:

Have I not seen the strongest fall?
The fairest led astray?
And shall I on my only son
Bestow a curse this day?

Oh! God forbid! "Here, waiter, bring
Bright water unto me;
My son will take what father takes—
My drink shall water be."

W. HOYLE.

A STORY OF JOHN ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS was a president of the United States many years ago, and he was a wise and good ruler. After he had gained this high position at the head of the nation, he often spoke of his early life. One of the incidents he related, and which should urge every boy and girl to do well what he or she attempts, is as follows:

"When I was a boy," he said, "I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar, till I could bear it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will; my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that!'"

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I would not do it. At night toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that, if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two day's labor in that abominable ditch."

FOR THE BOYS.—A certain man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after that I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

STUDIED ITS RHETORIC.

DANIEL WEBSTER did his best work in interpreting the Constitution. So luminous were his expositions of that instrument before the Supreme Court and the Senate, that his countrymen named him "The Great Expounder."

But he had another title quite as honorable, though it was known to few outside of the Senatorial circle. His colleagues called him "The Biblical Concordance of the United States Senate."

He earned this title by his extensive and minute knowledge of the Bible, which he freely placed at the disposal of even his political opponents, when they chose to avail themselves of it.

In preparing their speeches they would often ask him for appropriate scriptural sentences and metaphors, to give force and power to their utterance. His own scriptural resources were so vast that he could afford to be generous.

These resources were due to his early training and to his adult habits. He was so early taught to read by his mother that he could not remember when he did not read. Her text-books were the New England Primer and the Bible.

While a mere lad he read with such power and expression that the passing teamsters, who stopped to water their horses, used to get "Webster's boy" to come out beneath the shade of the trees and read the Bible to them.

Those who heard Mr. Webster in later life recite passages from the Hebrew prophets and psalms, say that he held them spellbound while each passage, even the most familiar, came home to them with a new meaning, because of the sonorous emphasis of the sympathetic declaimer.

One gentleman says he never received such ideas of the majesty of God, and the dignity of man, as he did one clear night, when Mr. Webster, standing in the open air, recited the eighth Psalm.

Webster's mother observed another old fashion of New England, in training her son. She encouraged him to memorize such scriptural passages as impressed him. The boy's retentive memory and his sensitiveness of Bible metaphors and of the rhythm of the English version, stored his mind with scripture.

On one occasion the teacher of the district school offered a jackknife to the boy who would recite the greatest number of verses from the Bible. When Webster's turn came, he arose and recited off so many verses that the master was forced to cry "enough."

It was the mother's training and the boy's delight in the idioms and music of King James' version that made him "The Biblical Concordance," of the Senate.

But these two factors made him more than a "concordance." The Bible formed his style as an orator. The Hebrew prophets inspired him to eloquent utterance. He gazed on and listened to them, until their vocabulary and idioms, as expressed in King James' translation became his mother-tongue. Of his lofty utterance, it may be said what Wordsworth said of Milton's poetry, they are "Hebrew in soul." Therefore they project themselves into the future.

The young man who would be a writer that shall be read, or an orator whom people *will* hear, should study the established version, as Webster studied it. Its singular beauty and great power as literature, the thousand sentiments and associations which use has attached to it, have made it a mightier force than any other book.

Millions enjoy the movement of this force upon their souls and brains. He who is so ambitious as to wish to influence

his fellows, should be wise enough to give days and nights to intercourse with such a force magnitude, and its truths should add reverence and virtue to his own life.—*Ec.*

VARIETIES.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

EVERYONE who has studied geography or who has read much history knows more or less about the famous Chinese Wall. Built as it was hundreds of years ago when the use of modern weapons of war was unknown, it served its purpose, that of protecting the empire from the incursions of the Tartar cavalry. With the knowledge which the nations of the earth now possess, however, such a wall would scarcely retard the movements of a powerful army for one day.

Still, this piece of work is one of the world's wonders and for the industry manifested by the Chinese in its construction, they deserve credit.

It is thus described by travelers:

"The Great Wall, which separates China from Tartary, extends more than fifteen hundred miles in length, and is of such thickness, that six horsemen may easily ride abreast upon it. It is flanked with towers, two bow-shots distant from one another. It is said, that a third of the able-bodied men in the empire were employed in constructing this wall. The workmen were ordered under pain of death, to place the materials so closely, that not the least entrance might be afforded for any instrument of iron; and thus the work was constructed with such solidity, that it is still almost entire, though two thousand years have elapsed since it was constructed.

"This extraordinary work is carried, not only through the low lands and valleys, but over hills and mountains; the height of one of which was computed by F. Verbiest, at one thousand two hundred and thirty-six feet above the level of the spot where he stood. According to F. Martini, it begins at the gulf of Leatong and reaches to the mountains near the city of Kin, on the Yellow River; between which places it meets with no interruption except to the north of the city of Suen, in Peche-li, where it is interrupted by a ridge of inaccessible mountains, to which it is closely united. It is likewise interrupted by the river Hoang-ho; but for others of an inferior size, arches have been constructed, through which the waters pass freely. Mr. Bell informs us, that it is carried across rivers, and over the tops of the highest hills, without the least interruption, keeping nearly along that circular range of barren rocks which incloses the country; and, after running about one thousand two hundred miles, ends in impassable mountains and sandy deserts. The foundation consists of large blocks of stone laid in mortar; but all the rest is of brick. The whole is so strong and well-built, that it scarcely needs any repairs; and in the dry climate in which it stands, may remain in the same condition for many ages. When carried over steep rocks, where no horse can pass, it is about fifteen or twenty feet high; but when running through a valley, or crossing a river, it is about thirty feet high, with square towers and embrasures at equal distances. The top is flat, and paved with cut stone; and where it rises over a rock or eminence, there is an ascent made by an easy stone stair.

"This wall, it is said, was begun and completely finished in the short space of five years; and it is reported, that the laborers stood so close for many miles, that they could hand the materials from one to another. This seems the more probable, as the rugged rocks among which it is built must have prevented all use of carriages; and neither clay for making bricks, nor any kind of cement, are to be found among them."

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

OF all the punishments to which human beings are subjected for various offences, few, perhaps, are more severe than

those inflicted in Russia by a kind of whip called *knout* which is a long strap of leather prepared for the purpose.

"With this whip the executioners dextrously carry a slip of skin from the neck to the bottom of the back, laid bare to the waist; and repeating their blows, in a little while rend away all the skin off the back in parallel strips. In the common knout, the criminal receives the lashes suspended on the back of one of the executioners; but in the great knout, which is generally used on the same occasions as racking on the wheel was in France, the criminal is raised into the air by means of a pulley fixed to the gallows, and a cord fastened to the two wrists, which are tied together; a piece of wood is placed between his two legs, which are also tied together; and another of a crucial form under his breast. Sometimes his hands are tied behind over his back, and when he is pulled up in this position, his shoulders are dislocated. The executioners can make this punishment more or less cruel; and it is said they are so dexterous, that when a criminal is condemned to die, they can make him expire either by one or several lashes."

The whipping of a certain class of criminals is now customary in some parts of these United States, but it is not at all probable that this kind of punishment will become general in this country.

EASY SCIENCE LESSONS.

BY SUNNY.

HYDROGEN.

HYDROGEN, so called from the Greek words *hydro*, water, and *gennao*, to generate, is an elementary gas, colorless and inodorous. Its greatest peculiarity is its specific gravity, being the lightest substance known—more than fourteen times lighter than air, and over two hundred and forty times lighter than platinum. It is combustible; its burning with oxygen produces a pale blue light, and considerable heat. The result of the burning is water.

Although hydrogen was known to Paracelsus as early as the sixteenth century, and subsequently to Boyle, yet Cavendish, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, was the first to accurately discover its properties and the methods of obtaining it. Hence he is usually mentioned as its discoverer.

As water consists, by measure, of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen, we would naturally look upon this element as an abundant and important one. While this is true, hydrogen does not possess very marked or intense chemical properties, there being only two substances (oxygen and chlorine) with which it unites at an ordinary temperature, under the influence of sunlight. However the element finds its way into many substances: It is found in the organism of every animal and plant, in the products of art and medicine, such as sugar, starch, vinegar, alcohol, aniline, indigo, morphia, strychnia and in many acids eight or more of which take their name from the element itself, as hydrocyanic, hypophosphorous, hydrofluosilicic, etc. It is also an essential element in some natural and common gases, as marsh gas, ammonia and hydrosulphuric acid, which is the same gas as that which rises with the waters of our Warm Springs, north of the city. Likewise it is found in some minerals, as coal, amber and many others. While, perhaps with a third or more of all the elements, hydrogen enters into combination, forming compound substances.

Thus, although the element may not possess the most brilliant properties, its great utility cannot be doubted, or its usefulness questioned.

WHAT ARE THE SAINTS DOING?

BY JAMES A. LITTLE.

THE Saints are endeavoring to keep the commandments of God as written in His holy word, to preach the gospel to all the world, to inspire the hearts of men with faith in God the Father, and in the atonement of Jesus Christ, that wickedness may come to an end.

They are laboring to gather all who will receive the gospel into one people, that they may become one in spirit, one in their labors and have but one purpose in life: the building up of the kingdom of God on the earth.

They cultivate peace with all men, that it may prevail over all the earth. It is a part of their earthly mission to people the waste places of the earth, and build temples wherein to receive the blessings of eternal life. They need peace that they may the better perform these labors.

They are endeavoring to obey the commandment of our Heavenly Father, to multiply and fill the earth with inhabitants. They have the right, in common with their fellow-citizens, to keep this commandment, that this land of promise may be covered with cities and villages, and produce, in abundance, the means of sustaining life.

They are laboring to establish a literal kingdom of God on the earth, of which Jesus Christ shall be the acknowledged head. Unless this is done there will be no people on the earth prepared to meet the kingdom of heaven when it shall come with Christ in His glory.

They build temples that all mankind—both the dead and the living—may receive the blessings of salvation, and the generations of mankind be united in the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant. Also that a fitting place may be prepared for the fulfillment of the prophecy of Malachi:

"And the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in." (*Mal. iii, 1.*)

The Lord has enjoined it upon them to carry the records of the Nephites, the Book of Mormon, to their brethren, the American Indians, that they may learn of and receive the promises made to their fathers, rely on the merits of the Savior and be raised up from the ignorance and degradation of centuries.

They endeavor to practice the principles of liberty and equality. Hence they are laboring to establish the utmost freedom of action for all men that is consistent with the general interests of society. They condemn the actions of wicked and corrupt rulers, but sustain the constitution of their country, believing that it was given of God and is adapted to the wants of this country. They strive to exercise patience, forbearance and long-suffering towards their enemies, that, with the spirit of peace and truth, they may overcome all things and thereby become heirs of all things.

They invite those who approve of their works to unite with them, that together they may inherit the earth in the presence of our Heavenly Father. They say to all men, "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." They furnish many testimonies of the divine origin of the work in which they are engaged.

To be respected as honorable is better than to be admired as a genius.

ENIGMA.

BY B. J. BEER.

SOMETIMES I flutter in the air,
Sometimes I whirl around;
My owner oft, in sad despair,
Finds me hurled to the ground.
My shape is truly strange, you'll say:
I've got a lengthy tail,
And oft upon a sultry day
I in the dust do trail.
Two wings I have to help me fly,
But they are very short;
To guess my name let each one try,
And to the printer then report.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No 9, Vol. 19, is ELI H. MURRAY. It has been correctly solved by Ada Tracy, American Fork; Laura E. Griffin, Kanarra; Frank and Lester Merrill, Logan; Celia Raymond, Kaysville; Wm. H. Streep, Centerville; Josephine Workman, Farmington; Ann P. Garrett, Riverside Station; Wm. Smith, West Porterville; S. P. Horsley, Paragoonah; John T. Rigby, Hooper City; Delina Willis, Liketown; J. J. Anderson, Lehi; I. P. Price, Mill Creek; John Hancock, Taylor, Arizona.

We have also received the following answer from Ward E. Pack of Kamas:

An enigma, indeed, must the character be,
So full of deceit, fraud and chicanery;
So untrue to the welfare and good of his soul,
As the being whom your Riddler chose for a whole.
In Utah despised for his lying and craft,
Kentucky, too, felt a few darts from his shaft.
A name once honored on history's page,
What a pity that, in this degenerate age,
Power to blacken and blast its fair fame
Should be given to one so unworthy the same,
That in all future time it dishonored must be!
Your whole with you I agree is ELI H. MURRAY.

THE beauty of excellence is simplicity.

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